

*K. Shakspeare.*



## *Henry the fourth.*

*Dol.* For Gods sake thrust him down staires, I cannot indure such a fustian rascall.

*Pist.* Thrust him downe staires, know we not Galloway naggess?

*Falst.* Quaitte him downe Bardolfe like a shoue-groat shilling, nay, and a doe nothing but speake nothing, a shall be nothing here.

*Bard.* Come, get you downe staires.

*Pist.* What shall we haue incision? shall we imbrew? then death rocke me a sleepe, abridge my dolefull daies: why then let grieuous gaffly gaping wounds vntwinde the sisters three, come Atropose I say.

*Hofst.* Heres goodly stuffe toward.

*Falst.* Giue me my rapier, boy.

*Dol.* I pray thee lacke, I pray thee do not drawe.

*Fal.* Get you downe staires.

*Hofst.* Heres a goodly tumult, ile forswear keeping house afore ile be in these tirrits and frights, so, murder I warant now, alas, alas, put vp your naked weapons, put vp your naked weapons.

*Dol.* I pray thee lacke be quiet, the rascal's gone, ah you horseon little vliant villaine you.

*Hofst.* Are you not hurte i th groyne? me thought a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

*Fal.* Haue you turnd him out a doores?

*Bar.* Yea sir, the rascal's drunke, you haue hurt him sir i th shoulder.

*Fal.* A rascall to braue me?

*Dol.* A you sweet little rogue you, alas poore ape how thou sweatst, come let me wipe thy face, come on you horsone chops: a rogue, yfaith I loue thee, thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, woorth fiue of Agamemnon, & ten times better then the nine Worthies, a villaine!

*Fal.* Ah rascally slaue! I will tossle the rogue in a blanket.

*Dol.* Do and thou darst for thy heart, and thou dost, ile canuas thee betweene a payre of sheetes.

E

Boy.